

IN THE MORNING SOW THY SEED

When the balmy morning breeze
Softly moves the budding trees,
And the genial sun of spring
Doth the living verdure bring;
When the gentle falling showers
Wake to life the wild-wind flowers;
When the robin and the wren
Come with cheerful songs again,
And each living, breathing thing
Joyous hails returning spring—
In the morning sow thy seed,
Waiting for the harvest's need.

Gentle spring shall yield her reign;
Summer's promise clothe the plain;
Warbling bird and busy bee
Hush their cheerful minstrelsy;
Ripening fruit succeed the flowers,
Nourished off by summer showers;
Earth yield up her bounteous store
When the summer days are o'er.
Autumn winds with chilling power
Curled the leaf and fade the flower—
Hast thou sown in morning's prime,
Thou shalt reap in evening's time.

Loving mother on whose breast
Helpless infancy finds rest,
Canst thou read its wondering thought
In its infant being wrought?
Every hour that passes by
Gives its lesson silently:
In thy hand this being lies,
Time to mold its destiny;
Shall he win, or yield the strife,
"Weary with the march of life,"
Sow thy seed with love and care,
Guard it with a mother's prayer,
Sow thy seed in morning's light,
"At evening time there shall be" light.
—Katharine P. Canning, in Good Housekeeper.

A CELEBRATED CASE.

The Remarkable Story of Joab Smedgeley's Will.

"I see by the county paper, Major," said the Squire, "th't Sol Dooelaw's son Jose hain't satisfied with the will the ol' man left, 'cause it don't seem to settle much o' the Dooelaw property on to nobody but Jose's brother Jose an' his family, an' he's gointer hev the law take a whack at it."

"More'n likely," replied the Old Settler. "Jose Dooelaw is a good deal setch a clutchin' sort of feller ciltzen ez Bully Bill Smedgeley were, but the chances is th't things won't turn out ez amazin' lucky fer Jose's brother Jose ez they did wunst fer Bully Bill's brother Hackenberry, time he sot up the law ag'in Bully Bill's goblin up all the Smedgeley clearin's in the Sugar Swamp district. Them was the days w'en natur' took a hand in seein' th't folks got justice, an' w'en witnesses th't nobody hadn't never think o' s'penyin' tumbled out the stand in time to yank innocence outen the bogs o' diffikilty, and chuck guilt head over heels inter the slop holes o' confusion clean up to its neck. But natur' don't seem to be like she usety were—leastways, not the way th't I remember her. You mind the great will case o' Smedgeley ag'in Smedgeley, don't ye, Squire?"

"I know'd a Smedgeley wunst th't lived over beyant Lost Crow Barren," said the Squire, "but the name wa'n't Bully Bill nor Hackenberry. The name were Sophrony, an' she married a Coblink. Were Sophrony in the lawsuit?"

"I lived in Sugar Swamp in them days," said the Old Settler, "an' know'd ev'rybody f'm whar the deestric' to whar it left off, but I never heard o' Sophrony Smedgeley. She hadn't nuthin' to do with the case."

"Not ez much ez bein' a witness?" asked the Squire.

"No, sir," said the Old Settler, emphatically.

"She mow't ha' know'd one o' the lawyers, mebbe," said the Squire.

"Mebbe," said the Old Settler. "Lawyers wa'n't very p'tic'lar who they know'd in them days."

"Or mebbe her brother-in-law, Sam Coblink, who were a constable wunst, mow't a had sumpin' to do with 'restin' somebody in the case," persisted the Squire.

"Th' wa'n't nobody 'rested!" exclaimed the Old Settler, waxing warm. "Th' were some one in jail fer sheep stealin', though, I remember, an' since ye minded me o' it, the name were Coblink!"

"Smedgeley ag'in Smedgeley!" said the Squire, tapping his forehead with his knuckles. "Seems to me I orter 'member a leetle sumpin' 'bout that case. Who were the Judge, Major?"

"Ol' Snappy Filer, b'gosh!" exclaimed the Old Settler. "An' a rip-snorter he were, too!"

"Thar!" ejaculated the Squire, slapping the O d Settler on the knee. "I know'd th' orter be somebody mixed up in that case th't were familiar to me. Sophrony's second cousin, Artemes Bone, worked fer Judge Filer wunst! Course! Consekently Smedgeley ag'in Smedgeley must ha' be'n a case ez were a case. I disremember the verdic', Major. Did the jury say 'Not guilty, but don't do it ag'in'?' or did they hang the plaintiff?"

"Justice were done by the verdic' clean to the top notch!" said the Old Settler, "an' if juries k'd ha' been p'voked inter hangin' plaintiffs in them days, Squire, an' you had been a plaintiff, justice 'ud ha' been done to you, too, b'gosh! Imighty, an' you wouldn't be a settin' here a mix'in' up Coblink's an' Artemes Bones with a chapter o' history ez tetchin' ez the case o' Smedgeley ag'in Smedgeley fer nuthin' more'n to make ye 'shamed o' yerself."

"Ol' Joab Smedgeley were one o' the fust individu's th't had the kerriedze

to settle at Sugar Swamp an' skirmish fer land. He got a lot of it together, an' by the time his two boys had grow'd up he were the richest man in the deestric'. He were a stubborn ol' possum, an' w'en his son Hackenberry went off an' married little Sairy Lib Bunter, ez hadn't nuthin' but her red cheeks an' her snappin' black eyes an' the caliker dress she were married in, he jist up an' read the riot act to Hackenberry, an' tol' him, b'gosh, th't he mow't go an' grub fer hisself, an' make up his mind th't none o' the Smedgeley clearin's 'd ever drop inter his grip. An' Hackenberry went an' grubbed, an' him an' Sairy Lib got along to'able like, an' didn't ast no odds o' nobody. Hackenberry Smedgeley were ez pop'lar ez a circus, but ol' Joab never reco'nized him nor Sairy Lib. Joab's wife had died long fore Hackenberry were married, an' the ol' man made his hum with his oldest son Bill. Ev'rybody called Bill Bully Bill, 'cause he were a cross-grained an' overbearin' chap, an' meaner'n jimson weed. It were know'd ez well ez any thing could be th't ol' Joab had made his will, an' th't he had give ev'ry thing he had to Bully Bill, an' th't Hackenberry 'd hef to keep on a grubbin' ez long ez he lived, fer all the good the ol' man's belongin's 'd do him. Ev'rybody thort it were an all-fired mis'able thing fer Joab to do, Bully Bill bein' so mean an' stingy, an' not treatin' the ol' man p'tic'lar pleasin' fer all.

"Wull, one day Joab Smedgeley up an' died. Hackenberry an' Sairy Lib was to the funeral, o' course, an' a feelin' a consarved more bad about the ol' man's kickin' the bucket th'n Bully Bill did. But th' wa'n't no call fer Bill to feel bad, ez he were shot of all trouble o' lookin' after his pap, an' were to hev ev'ry thing. Sure enough, Joab's will were perjured, an' it made Bill the hull an' solitary heir. Hackenberry not even bein' mentioned in it. But two or three days arterw'd Silas Bipp dropped in at Hackenberry's an' says:

"Hackenberry," says he, "that will o' Bill's hain't the right one," says he. "W'at?" says Hackenberry.

"Yer pap made another will only two weeks ago," says Silas. "He kim to me an' says, 'Silas, Bill hain't treated me right, an' I hain't treated Hackenberry right,' says he. 'I'm gointer make a new will,' yer pap says, 'an' don't ye say a word about it,' he says. So he made a new will, an' I witnessed it. He took it with him, an' if it can't be foun' we must ast the law to see w'at kin be did."

"Wull, Hackenberry an' Sairy Lib, they was all obfuscated by this, an' Hackenberry went right down to Bully Bill's, an' he says:

"Bill," says he, whar's pap's right will?"

"Bully Bill kinder looked skeert fer a minute, an' then he blustered up an' says:

"Right here it is!" he says. "Here it is, an' it turns ev'ry thing over to me, ez didn't go an' marry a gal with nuthin' but red cheeks an' a caliker dress," says he.

"All right!" says Hackenberry. "We'll see w'at law were made fer."

"Ho! ho!" says Bill. "We will, hay? Go it!"

"So Hackenberry he went over to the county seat an' hunted up Lawyer Tom Liftum. He tol' the lawyer the hull story. Tom he shuck his head an' looked solemn.

"It's a squally case," says he. "We've got to prove a heap," says he. "Bill's got a reg'lar giniwine will. We hain't. The chances is we'll get knocked out," says he; but we'll give her a hack, anyhow."

"An' so the great will case o' Smedgeley ag'in Smedgeley were begun. The day kim round fer it to be tried, an' Bully Bill jumped on his hoss an' started fer the county seat. He had hired all the best lawyers he k'd skeer up, an' didn't feel much worried about the case goin' ag'in him.

"I got pap's will," he said to hisself. "If thuz another one let 'em perjure it," says he.

"On the way in to court, Bill stopped at the big waterin' trough at the Wild Gander Ridge cross roads to give his hoss a drink. Ez the hoss were drinkin' Bill looked up an' see a couple o' fish hawks more'n two hundred feet in the air, straight up over his head, a fightin' like all possessed. The nex' minute he see sumpin' droppin' down to'rds the groun' an' fore he hardly know'd it, it kim ketchin' inter the waterin' trough, 'most hittin' his hoss on the head, an' a splatterin' the water up like mad. Then Bill see that sumpin' th't kim plinkin' down were a slammin' big pickerl. One o' the hawks had ketched it, o' course, and 'tother hawk had tried to git it away, an' the pickerl had tumbled f'm both o' 'em. The fish were gaspin' yet, an' afore Bill had got over his sp'rise it begun to wiggle an' then swum about in the trough ez if nuthin' had happened.

"Wull, I'm gummed!" says Bill. "Th't pickerl's f'm my pond, sure, an' is jist ez good ez new," says he. "I kin git four shill'n fer that in town," says he, an' th't'll keep me a day an' better. I'll take him with me," says he.

"Bill jumped offen his hoss an' yanked the pickerl out, an' strung him on a stick.

"He's good fer six poun'," says Bill.

and he trotted on to'rds the county seat. Now Tom Liftum, the lawyer, were unconnon fond o' pickerl, and he were the fust man th't Bully Bill met ez he jogged inter town.

"Hullo!" says Tom. "I'm ag'in ye, Bill," says he; "but ye hain't got no objections to sellin' me that pickerl, hev ye?"

"Sh'd say not," says Bill. "Not, if ye'll pay the price fer it," says he.

"How much?" says Tom.

"Four shill'n," says Bill.

"Tom handed the money right out, and took the pickerl hum.

"The case o' Smedgeley ag'in Smedgeley kim on that afternoon. Ev'ry body were thar, an' a good many show'd by Silas Bipp th't ol' Joab had made a new will, but folks could see th't, no matter if he had, the will hadn't turned up, an' ez long ez Bully Bill had a giniwine will th't had turned up, Hackenberry's chances wa'n't wuth a hill o' white beans. Arter Silas got through witnessin', Tom he called his nex' witness. It were Hiram Slay, a young bushwhacker th't wa'n't giner'y s'posed to hev more'n a milkpan full o' gumption. Folks wondered w'at in under the canopy Tom k'd want o' that saphead. Hiram took the cheer an' looked skeert. Bully Bill squirmed an' folks got excited.

"Hiram," says Tom, "ye've ben a-workin' fer Bully Smedgeley, hain't ye?" Hiram said he had.

"W'at did he give ye an' till ye to do the day after ol' Joab Smedgeley died?" says Tom.

"I were burnin' brush," says Hiram, "an' Bully Bill handed me two or three pieces o' paper an' tol' me to chuck 'em in the fire."

"Did ye do it?" says Tom.

"No," says Hiram. "I kep' 'em," says he.

"Jee-whizz! but folks got excited then! 'Here's the new will!' they says.

"Hev ye got 'em now?" says Tom.

"No!" says Hiram.

"Whar be they?" says Tom.

"Dunno!" says Hiram.

"Then every body's hopes dropped like a stun. Bully Bill he stretched up and grinned, an' looked comf'able ag'in. His lawyers w'ispered an' laughed to one ano her.

"W'at did ye do with 'em?" says Tom, not mindin' w'at were goin' on.

"Wull," says Hiram, "me an' Mag Streeter were spoonin', and Mag went over to the Wild Gander Ridge, an' she says to me if I didn't write to her she'd git another feller; an' so w'en I see them pieces o' paper th't Bully Bill gimme, I thort mebbe I k'd scribble sumpin' on 'em and send it to Mag, and keep her so she wouldn't git another feller."

"Bully Bill's lawyer kep' 'bjecin' an' 'bjecin', an' folks laughed till the ruff most riz up, but Tom kep' Hiram at it.

"Wull," says Tom, "then w'at'd ye do?"

"I squeezed ther papers inter my 'backy box' an' put the box in my pocket," says Hiram.

"Lem me see yer 'backy box," says Tom, an' folks was all excited ag'in.

"Hain't got it," says Hiram.

"Whar is it?" says Tom.

"Lost it in twenty foot o' water," says Hiram, and the folks all groaned ag'in.

"Then Tom 'scused Hiram, an' folks said the witness had better be'n left off the stand. Bully Bill were grin'n like a monkey. The nex' thing Tom Liftum done made a buzz.

"Yer Honor," says he, "I call Bill Smedgeley!"

"Bully Bill 'most jumped outen his skin, an' he k'd hardly keep f'm tremblin' w'en he took the cheer.

"Sell me sumpin' to-day?" says Tom.

"Yes," says Bill.

"W'at did ye sell me?" says Tom.

"A six-poun' pickerl," says Bill.

"Did it come outen your pond?" says Tom.

"Ye bet it did," says Bully Bill.

"Th' hain't no pickerl in any other pond 'roun' Sugar Swamp," says he.

"That's all," says Tom, an' folks begun to think th't the slick and slippery Tom Liftum were gone plumb crazy.

"Now, yer Honor," says Tom, "I want to call myself ez the nex' witness," says he, an' he done it, an' sot down in the cheer.

"Yer Honor," says he, "an' gentlemen o' the jury, Ye heard the las' witness say th't he sol' me a six-poun' pickerl to-day, an' th't it were ketched outen his pond. Wull, yer Honor an' gentlemen o' the jury, he did, says Tom. 'In cleanin' that pickerl,' says he, 'I foun' sumpin' in his maw. Hiram Slay,' says he, 'stan' up!"

"Hiram popped up outen his cheer like a jumping-jack. Tom hef' sumpin' up.

"Hiram," says he, "is this the 'backy box' th't ye lost in twenty foot o' water?"

"Great spooks!" says Hiram, with his eyes a-bulging. "That's my 'backy box, sartin'!"

"An' is these the pieces o' paper th't ye squeezed inter it?" says Tom.

"Sure ez turkey eggs!" says Hiram.

"Folks k'd hardly keep in f'm howlin' by this time, an' Bully Bill were a sight fer to see.

"Now then, yer Honor an' gentlemen o' the jury," says Tom, cool an' collected ez a lightning-rod peddler, "let's see w'at these papers is; an' quicker a'most th'n I kin tell ye he

pasten 'em together, an' wavin' 'em under the nose o' Bully Bill he yoooped out:

"W'at d'ye think these papers is, consarnye?" he yooop d. "W'y, they're ol' Joab Smedgeley's new will, all signed, sealed an' delivered, ez sound an' proper ez a copper kittle!"

"The folks jist yeeled an' howled an' kicked, an' Bully Bill's lawyers carried him out ez w'ite an' limber ez a new-bleached sheet. Them papers was ol' Joab's new will, sure enough. It lef' ev'ry thing to Hackenberry an' Sairy Lib, an' that ended the case o' Smedgeley ag'in Smedgeley. Be ye shamed o' yerself now, Squire, or hain't th' no shame in ye?"

The Squire said nothin'. He rose deliberately from his chair, called for a leetle o' the best the house sot out, drank it and paid for it, and went home without a word. The Old Settler gazed after him in open-mouthed astonishment as he disappeared. Then he whacked the floor with his cane and exclaimed:

"He hain't got no more shame, b'gosh, th'n thuz fleas on a catfish!"—Ed Mott, in N. Y. Sun.

THE MODERN BRAKEMAN.

Changes in the Department and Dress of Railroad Employees.

In no one particular has the remarkable advancement in railroad management during the past twenty years been so marked as in the development of details affecting the department and dress of employees. Take the passenger brakeman of to-day as compared with the brakeman of two score years ago as an instance.

The modern passenger brakeman is not an evolution, but a new creation. He is an object of admiration, while his predecessor of a quarter of century since was an object of wonder and awe.

The latter was, usually, a collarless, uncouth individual more or less given to plug tobacco and profanity. The badge of his authority was a red handkerchief tied loosely around his throat. Primarily, his occupation was, upon a given signal, to fling himself in fantastic gyrations around the iron brake-wheel, and his contortions upon the front platform in the discharge of his duty were at once the wonder and admiration of the station loungers of that period. He was usually distinguished by a tight-fitting cap with a peaked visor. His hands were big and coarse and calloused. There were invariably grimy circles around his eyes. When he called out the name of a station to the occupants of the front car the people in the rear end of the train could hear his voice, but the nearest passenger could not tell what he said. When he assisted a lady to alight he helped her down from the high steps as though she were so much baled hay. His regard for baskets containing eggs or crockery amounted to absolute contempt. His business was to help run the train.

The passenger brakeman of the present is a symphony in blue broad-cloth and brass buttons. He is at once ornamental and useful. The old iron brake-wheel still looms up on the front platform, but he rarely finds it necessary to touch it. He is an object of envy and of admiration to the small boy at the Queen Anne station-houses. It is his duty and pleasure to cultivate a graceful carriage, and the sharp swing of the Eastlake coach around a curve, which causes Farmer Wayback and the woman with a green veil on her bonnet to clutch the seat in terror, only provokes from him a sweet, sad smile of sympathetic commiseration. He is a little less than a modern Beau Brummel in his attention to the ladies and school girls temporarily entrusted to his care, while maintaining an air of condescending dignity toward the men. When he displays opposite characteristics it is an evidence that his training has been defective or he has mistaken his occupation.

Long live the passenger brakeman of to-day, the courteous, affable, accommodating young gentleman who is worthy the newest style in the way of a railroad uniform that the directors and their tailor can devise.

But what has become of the acrobatic, awkward, hard-handed brakeman of twenty-five years ago?

He owns the railroad now.—Philadelphia Press.

A woman called at police headquarters the other day, and reported that her husband was missing.

"When did you see him last?" asked an officer. "Yesterday morning. He went up to the third story to get a memorandum out of the inside pocket of my dress, hanging up in the closet, and—" But the officer waited to hear no more. He rushed off to the woman's house, proceeded to the third story, and as he entered a room he heard issue from the closet the exclamation: "Thank Heaven I've found it at last!" The speaker was the missing husband.—N. Y. Ledger.

"The vessel Sea Gull," read the managing editor, "is now three weeks overdue, and it is feared she has gone to the bottom with all on board. Crayon," he added, addressing the office artist, "we must have a sketch showing the spot where the vessel sank, and depicting the harrowing scenes on board as she was going down. Better prepare it at once."

And it was done.

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SHERIFF'S SALE.

By virtue and authority of a special execution, issued from the office of the clerk of the circuit court of Pettis county, Missouri, dated the 5th day of September, 1889, and to me directed in favor of the State of Missouri at the relation and to the use of John McGinley, collector of the revenue within and for Pettis county, in the State of Missouri and against Mary Whalen and James Whalen, for the state and county taxes for the years 1881, 1882, 1883, 1884, and 1885, on the property herein after described. I have levied upon and seized all the right, title, interest and estate of the said defendant—in and to the following described real estate, situated in Pettis county, Missouri, to-wit: The east forty-six feet of the following described real estate, beginning at a point twenty (20) rods south of the northwest corner of the southeast quarter of the southwest quarter of section three (3), township forty-five (45), range twenty-one (21), thence running east sixteen (16) rods, thence north ten (10) rods, thence west sixteen (16) rods and thence south ten (10) rods, to the place of beginning. And I will, on SATURDAY THE 12TH DAY OF OCTOBER, 1889,

Between the hours of 9 o'clock a. m., and 5 o'clock p. m., of said day, at the west rear door of the court house, in the City of Sedalia, Pettis county, Missouri, and while the circuit court is in session, sell the said real estate at public auction, to the highest bidder, for cash in hand to satisfy said execution and costs.

ELLIS R. SMITH, Sheriff of Pettis county, Mo.

TRUSTEE'S SALE.

Whereas, W. J. Harbour and Ada L. Harbour, his wife, by their certain Deed of Trust dated the 24th day of August 1889, and recorded in the Recorder's office of Pettis county in Trust, Deed and Mortgage Record, No. 60, pages 96 and 97, conveyed to the undersigned W. F. Hansberger trustee for the Equitable Loan and Investment Association of Sedalia, Mo., all their right, title, interest and estate, in and to the following described Real Estate, situated in the County of Pettis, State of Missouri, viz: The North half of the East half of the East half of Lot six (6) Block B, of Clifton Wood's addition to Sedalia, Mo. Which said conveyance was made in trust to secure the payment of their certain promissory note in said Deed described, and whereas the said note has become due and is unpaid, now therefore, in accordance with the provisions of said Deed of Trust and at the request of the legal holder of said note, I shall proceed to sell the above described Real Estate at the Court House door in the City of Sedalia in the County of Pettis State aforesaid, to the highest bidder for cash, at public auction, on

THURSDAY THE 3rd DAY OF OCTOBER 1889,

Between the hours of nine in the forenoon and five in the afternoon of that day, to satisfy said note, together with the cost and expense of executing this trust.

9-3-wid W. F. HANSBERGER, Trustee.

Dated this 3rd day of September 1889.

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